The Transcript.

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A HETEROPHEMIST.

HOW HE INJURED THE FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Blank Was Sent to England to Solicit Aid and Failed—The Message He Sent to Mr. Memminger Was the Opposite of What He Supposed.

The Southern Confederacy was only a few months old when a financial agent was sent to England on a very important mission. Mr. Blank was a politician and a banker. He was also an elegant gentleman, with many influential acquaintances on both sides of the water.

Before leaving Richmond he had a long talk with Memminger, the secretary of the treasury.

"If I find that England will aid us," he said, "I will send you word by some reliable blockade runner. It will be a very brief message, but you will understand it, while it will mean nothing to the enemy if it should be intercepted."

The confidential agent slipped through the lines, and in less than a month was comfortably established in London. In the metropolis he found many southerners and many prominent Englishmen who sympathized with the secessionists. He saw Mr. Yancey, the Confederate minister, every day, and the two worked together in harmony. Mr. Yancey was a practical man and was not long in coming to the conclusion that no aid was to be expected from the British government.

"The abolition sentiment controls here," he said to Mr. Blank. "Some of the statesmen would like to help the south in order to break up the Union, but the people will never consent. The south will have to fight alone."

Blank felt pretty blue when he heard this, and that night he wrote the single word "successful" on a thin slip of paper and skillfully secreted it in an ordinary coat button. The next day he was visited by a southern friend, who remained with him for an hour or more. During his stay he removed the top button from his coat and sewed on one given by Mr. Blank.

"I understand it all," he said when he left. "If I get safely to Wilmington, I will go at once to Richmond and give this button to Mr. Memminger. I prefer not to know the nature of the message, as you say that it explains itself."

"Yes," replied Blank, "it will be understood by the secretary, and as it refers to a state secret I cannot say anything about it."

The two shook hands, and the gentleman with the precious button took the next train for Liverpool, where he boarded a steamer bound for Wilmington.

The steamer was chased by Federal cruisers, but she managed to reach her destination without any serious mishap. In the course of two or three days the mysterious traveler called on Mr. Memminger in Richmond and presented him with a button. The secretary cut off its covering in a hurry and smiled when he read the word "successful."

"Did Mr. Blank show this message to you?" he asked.

"No. We both thought it best that I should remain in ignorance so that no telltale expression of my face would betray anything if the enemy captured me."

At a meeting of the cabinet that afternoon Mr. Memminger was in high spirits. He predicted that the war would be over in 90 days and said that England was preparing to recognize the Confederacy and send over her warships to break the blockade.

"I have this," he said, "from my confidential agent, Mr. Blank."

The name commanded respect, and when the secretary said that under the circumstances a loan of $15,000,000 negotiated in Europe would be sufficient everybody agreed with him. The weeks rolled on, and Erlanger in Paris advertised for bids for $15,000,000 in Confederate bonds. Mr. Blank read this at his London hotel and dropped his paper in his agitation.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" he remarked. "Must be a mistake. I'll run over and see about it."

The next day he was at Erlanger's office in Paris. The French banker informed his visitor that there was no mistake, and then Blank swore vigorously. The bids rushed in from all quarters. If the demands of these speculators had been met, $500,000,000 in Confederate bonds could have been sold. When this fact became known, Mr. Blank again relapsed into profanity.

He could not stand it, and, despite the danger of the trip, he made his arrangements to return home. His interview with Memminger was a stormy one when he arrived at Richmond.

"I intended to write 'unsuccessful!'" he said after a long talk.

"Well, there is your message," replied the secretary. "You wrote 'successful.'"

"I don't understand it," said Mr. Blank sadly. "Surely your advices from Mr. Yancey should have warned you that there was something wrong."

"His dispatches were intercepted," answered the other.

"I don't understand it," repeated Mr. Blank.

"Perhaps I do," quietly remarked the secretary. "I have carefully noted your talk this morning, and I have discovered that you are a heterophemist. For instance, you say London when you mean Richmond and Richmond when you mean London. You similarly misuse the names of other places and persons and are unconscious of it. When you sent me that message, the word 'unsuccessful' was in your mind, but, being a heterophemist, you wrote an opposite word and ruined the Confederacy."

"I may have made a mistake, sir," said Mr. Blank, rising from his chair, "but I am neither a lunatic nor an idiot. I have the honor to bid you good morning."

Heterophemy is a fatal thing in diplomacy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Popular Æsthetics of Color.

While blue is pre-eminently and overwhelmingly the masculine favorite, it is by no means so general a feminine favorite. The favorite woman's color, standing at the head of the female list, is red. Roughly speaking, of every 30 masculine votes 10 would be for blue and 3 for red, while of every 30 feminine votes 4 would be for blue and 5 for red. Red and blue are thus much more nearly equally popular among women than among men. Other relatively marked masculine preferences are for the colors related to blue (blue violet and violet), and other feminine preferences are for lighter red (or pink) and, to a less extent, for green and yellow. Further, men confine their selections to relatively fewer colors than do women, and, finally, while all men and women alike are much more apt to choose a normal than a transitional color and a darker than a lighter shade, yet the tendency to do so (about the same in the former direction) is markedly different in the latter respect. Of 12 men 10 would choose among the darker colors and only 2 among the lighter for the most pleasing color, while of 12 women 7 would choose among the darker and 5 among the lighter shades.—Professor Jastrow in Popular Science Monthly.

Eleven Times Around the Earth.

Just think of it! "Eleven times around this globe of ours" in the space of 60 seconds! Can you imagine anything that moves with such remarkable speed? Sound travels only 12 1-2 miles per minute, and a rifle ball (if its speed were not diminished by resistance) 16 1-2 miles. Light passes through a distance equal to 7 1-2 revolutions of the earth in one minute, but electricity travels so astonishingly fast that it is able to complete the circuit of the earth 11 1-2 times in 60 seconds.—St. Louis Republic.

Strangers Now.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Spitely, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?"

"Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."—Detroit Free Press.

FILLING A BULLDOG'S TEETH.

An Operation Which a Scranton Dentist Did With Hesitation, but Success.

A powerful and ferocious bulldog, owned by Dr. Ward of Scranton, Pa., enjoys the distinction of having a big gold filling in one of his incisors, and a good many citizens, who have caught a gleam of the gold in his mouth, wonder how the filling was done. Some think it was done through hypnotic influence by the doctor over the dog, while others insist that it was through the dog's implicit obedience to his master's command.

The bulldog's name is Gem. He is as ugly in appearance as a prize winner in a dog show. His nose is a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes have a wicked gleam for any one but his master and Mrs. Ward. His affection for them, however, knows no bounds. When Gem was discovered one day clasping his muzzle between his paws, rolling over and over on the floor and moaning, his mouth was examined, and it was found that there was a big cavity in one of the incisors. It was decided that a dentist should be consulted. The dentist found that it would be necessary to use a rubber dam, and he promised to fill the cavity provided Gem was etherized. This was done, and the operation was considered a successful one, although Gem evidently thought otherwise. Some time afterward the filling came out, and Gem's last state was worse than his first, for he refused to submit to another operation with ether. At the first sniff of the anæsthetic he not only added a score of wrinkles to those already in his nose, but showed his teeth in so dangerous a way that the dentist refused to proceed. Dr. Ward insisted that he could make Gem stand on the table and have the tooth filled without wincing. The dentist was dubious about trusting his hand between the brute's jaws, but finally consented to try.

Gem was put on the table, and his master stood in front of him, kept his eyes fixed on Gem's and told him to open his mouth. Gem did so, and a rubber dam was soon adjusted in place. The dentist set to work with the instrument of torture called a bur, and one of Gem's ears went down in a threatening way, while the other remained cocked. The doctor held one finger raised and kept his eyes fixed on Gem's, that never wandered from his master's gaze. The attitude of Gem's ears proved a barometer of his sufferings when the bur touched a spot close to the nerve. When both ears went down, the dentist knew he had gone as far as dogs' nature would let him go. Gem's eyes never wandered from the doctor's in the 1½ hours the dentist was at work. Gem stood the final polishing, and when his master gave the word for him to get down from the table Gem danced with demonstrations of joy at his release. Since that day he has no trouble in masticating the biggest beef bone.—New York Sun.

Salaries Earned by Successful Buyers.

A good buyer who year after year increases his business and the reputation of his department, who leaves for the semiannual inventory a clean and desirable stock—one who, in fact, has the genius of money making—is paid a salary in the big houses of from $5,000 to $10,000 and often a percentage on the yearly increase of his sales. In some of the largest departments a number of the most capable buyers thus receive as much as $50,000 a year and are regarded as cheap at that, a fact which can be readily understood when it is remembered that in a single department of a great shop selling, say, $1,000,000 worth of goods a year, a difference of 5 per cent in the profits, which may be the result of a good manager as distinguished from a mediocre one, amounts to $50,000. On the other hand, in the lower class stores buyers in many of the departments are paid as low as $25 a week, with no percentage. If the large incomes are the great exception, it is also to be said that the opportunities are more numerous than the men with the ability to take advantage of them.—"The Department Store," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in Scribner's.

A New Point In Insurance.

The ingenuity of some insurance companies in devising ways and means for evading responsibility is equaled by nothing on earth. A claim was recently made against an accident insurance company for indemnity by a physician who had met with an injury in a very peculiar fashion. He had been ill as the result of an accident received some time previous, but was partly recovered. While driving he was seized with a spasm, and great exhaustion overcame him. He stopped his horse and proceeded to administer a hypodermic injection of some powerful stimulant to which he resorted in such emergencies. Just as he was about to insert the needle his horse started. The needle was driven deep into the flesh, inflicting a severe and painful injury. He sued for indemnity, he being disabled for 22 weeks. The judge dismissed the complaint on the ground that the injury was not caused through external violent and accidental means in the intent and purpose of the policy. This decision will strike the average thinking individual as somewhat peculiar. If a mishap due to the sudden starting of a horse is not an accident, it might be interesting to know how the word could be defined.—New York Ledger

Women and Insurance.

Only about eight or nine of the life insurance companies of the country insure women at the same rates as men. A considerably larger number insure women, but charge them an additional $5 per $1,000, and still more even do not insure women at all. It is the opinion of those qualified to speak that the companies charging the excess rate are not justified in doing so and that the practice will not long be continued. The mortality rate experienced among its women insurers by one well known company has been about 50 per cent of what was expected, and it has insured several women for the full amount it will issue on any one life—that is, $50,000. The heretofore unfavorable attitude of insurance companies toward women has been due undoubtedly to the fact that few if any women had an insurable interest, but that day has passed. As the avenues of occupations have widened thousands of women today are the sole support of children or parents, and those thus dependent on them need the protection of insurance as much as if the family breadwinner were a man.

A Humming Bird's Umbrella.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely. In fact, we could look right into the nest. One day when there was a heavy shower coming up, we thought we would see if she covered her young during the rain. Well, when the first drops fell, she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close by and laid this leaf over the nest so as completely to cover it; then she flew away. On examining the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked upon. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—American Sportsman.

Mental Arithmetic.

Aunt Dorothy—How many commandments are there, Johnny?

Johnny (glibly)—Ten.

Aunt Dorothy—And, now, suppose you were to break one of them?

Johnny (tentatively)—Then there'd be nine.—Spare Moments.

The Usual Way.

"Papa," said Jacky, "would you like to have me give you a birthday present?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then now is the time to double my weekly pocket money, so's I'll have the money to buy it when your birthday comes."—Pearson's Weekly.

DRIFTING ONWARD.

Drifting onward—ever drifting,
Tow'rd yon shining, shoreless sea,
Farther still from earth's green landscapes,
Nearer to eternity.
Onward—yet we know not whither
We are borne by time's swift tide,
Heeding not the dang'rous river
Down whose darkling stream we glide.

Drifting onward—we are going
To a country all unknown;
Guard, O Lord, and keep thou, ever—
Leave us not to drift alone.
Shield us from the water's perils,
Save from dark and angry storm;
Let thine arm of might defend us
Evermore from every harm.

Drifting onward—we will anchor
At the heav'nly port at last,
Every care and trial ended,
All our toils and dangers past,
Happy on that shore Elysian,
Nevermore shall storm clouds frown;
Oh, the bright, unfading vision,
Where no paling sun goes down!
—Francis A. Simkins.

HOMESICK HIPPOPOTAMUS.

It Longed For the Language of Its Babyhood Home.

During Bayard Taylor's visit to the zoological gardens in London he noticed a hippopotamus which lay in its tank apparently oblivious of its surroundings. Entering into conversation with the keeper one morning, he was told that the creature refused to eat and was gradually starving itself to death. "I fancy it's homesick," added the keeper. "He's a fine specimen, and it seems a pity we should lose him, but he's moped ever since the keeper who had charge of him on board the steamer left. He pays no attention to anything I say."

Learning that the creature came from a part of Africa he had once visited, Mr. Taylor, on an impulse, leaned forward and addressed it in the dialect used by the hunters and keepers of that region. The animal lifted its head, and the small eyes opened. Mr. Taylor repeated his remark, when what does Mr. Hippo do but paddle slowly over to where he stood. Crossing to the other side of the tank, the experiment was repeated with the same result, the poor thing showing unmistakable signs of joy, even consenting to receive food from the hand of his new friend.

Mr. Taylor paid several visits to the gardens, being always noticed by his African friend. Finally, before leaving the city, he taught the keeper a few sentences he had been in the habit of addressing to the hippopotamus and went his away.

Two years later he was in London, and, curious to know the result, again paid his respects to his amphibious friend. To his surprise the creature recognized his voice at once, and expressed his joy by paddling from side to side of his tank after his visitor.

Bayard Taylor says that it convinced him that even a hippopotamus may have affections, and tenacious ones at that, as well as a good memory.—Watchman.

American Valets.

There is a new order of things among the gilded youth of today, and the valet is in demand. This demand has led to the establishment in Boston of a finishing academy for gentlemen's servants. Here the gentleman's gentleman learns all that is necessary for him to know. The first thing that is done to a matriculate is to cut his hair in the approved English fashion and make him clean shaven, or at least reduce his hirsute appendages to a modest "mutton chop" just forward of his ears. He is then put in livery and made to speak only in an h-less English dialect. The various courses of instruction include training in all the branches of menial work, and when a pupil is sent out into the world he is given a certificate of proficiency in his particular course. One of the features of the course is the daily practice in immobility, which consists in standing for half an hour a day between two upright bars so regulated that they touch the man's toes and breast bone in front and his coattails, shoulder blades and hat rim at the back. This gives the requisite wooden rigidity and is practiced by all pupils. Those whose physiques are lacking or too luxuriant are reduced to the proper form by vigorous exercise.—Boston Letter.

A Lamp In His Pocket.

Not very many men carry lamps in their pockets, but there is at least one man who does, and that is the lamplighter on the elevated road. It is an alcohol lamp, like a section of brass cylinder, five or six inches long and an inch through, and with a slender tube two or three inches long, holding the wick, projecting at one end. The lamplighter comes in at the front door of the car with his lamp lighted. With a rapid ease acquired by experience he lights the six lamps, seeming almost not to pause in his progress through the car. If he is in the last car of the train, as he pulls down the chimney over the last lamp he has lighted and turns toward the rear door he blows out his own lamp and drops it in his pocket. His hands are now free. He throws back the door, walks out upon the platform, opens the gate and steps off upon the station platform or down upon the other side, ready to board the next train. A touch of a match will light the alcohol lamp.—New York Sun.

Two Horses.

The editor of the New York Christian Advocate learned not long since from a coachman that horses are not unlike human beings. He writes:

Riding in a friend's carriage one day, we noticed that the coachman made constant efforts to restrain one of the horses and to hasten the other. As the pair were handsome and perfectly mated, we said, "What is the difference between these horses, that you are constantly touching up one and holding in the other?"

Said he: "The one that I whip cannot possibly overwork himself. I will not say that he is lazy, but he is so made that he never can and never will do himself any damage. It would be impossible to whip him so hard that he would hurt himself. The other can trot a mile in less than 2:25, and he would trot from the love of it until he dropped dead. Hot or cold, he does his best."

Didn't Locate It.

Dr. H. F. Fisk, principal of the academy of the Northwestern university, is an exact man, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. He has made it a rule that for all absences from recitations his students shall write out reasons in full why they were away and what recitations were missed. One day Dr. Fisk received a note as follows:

"On account of the earache, headache, stomach ache and cramps I was unable to attend algebra at 8 a. m., grammar at 10 a. m. and English at 3 p. m."

Dr. Fisk excused the student, but at the same time took occasion to rebuke him for not stating in his letter where he had cramps.

First Written Laws.

The first written statutes are comprised in the law of Moses, 1491 B. C. The first Greek laws were systematized by Draco 623 B. C. The laws of Lycurgus were made about 844 B. C. The Roman laws were first compiled by Servius Tullius and amended by the Twelve Tables in 449 B. C. The Pandects of Justinian were compiled in 533. Blackstone's Commentaries were published at Oxford in 1765 and 1769.

The first anthropological society, for the study of mankind considered with reference to the animal history of the race, was founded in London in 1863.

The common house fly, in the mouth of the scientist, becomes the Musca domestica.

Champion Shot of the World.

Miss Annie Oakley writes: "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co. have given Allen's Foot-Ease, the powder to shake into the shoes, a most thorough trial, and it does all if not more than you claim." It instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for swollen, hot, aching or sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

ON A LOW PLANE.

Japanese Commercial Morality Said to Be Below Par.

It has long been known to those who had dealing with the Japanese that commercial morality in Japan stands almost on the lowest plane possible to a civilized people. With few exceptions even those Japanese who prove estimable and high minded in all other matters are not to be trusted in business transaction. In Japan the man who fails to take advantage of his neighbor in a bargain is looked upon as a fool. The explanation of this state of things given by Robert Young, who edits a Kobe paper, is that merchants in Japan have hitherto occupied the lowest rung on the social ladder, being deemed inferior to the tillers of the soil and but little above the pariah class. Up to a comparatively recent period trader was but another name for trickster and the pursuit of commerce was held to argue a lack of integrity.

With changed commercial conditions this low standard seems to have remained unaltered, so that the Japanese trader is always thinking how he can "best" the foreigner, and he will not fulfill his engagements if by so doing he is likely to suffer loss. Mr. Young gives cogent reasons for believing that the mikado's subjects soon will lose the foreign customers they have gained unless their code of commercial morals is materially and rapidly improved.

Already Japanese consuls have reported that the country's foreign trade is seriously injured by merchants who send abroad matches that will not strike, rice that is not up to sample and stuffs the only merit of which is cheapness. Guilds have been formed to introduce better methods of business, but they have not wrought much improvement, and the situation cannot be radically changed so long as there is no public opinion to support the application of morality to business. At present the ordinary Japanese trader has no conscience, and until he acquires one the expected competition of Japan in the markets of the world is not likely to be worthy of serious consideration.

A FATHERLY ASSURANCE.

The Old Gentleman Was No Linguist, but He Knew Life.

Mr. Cumrox's son was studying his Latin lesson. There was the tremolo of discouragement in his voice as he remarked:

"I don't seem to get along with this lesson very well, father."

"Can't you say any of it?"

"Yes, I can say 'amo, amas, amat,' and then I always forget what comes next."

"What does those words mean, Johnny?" asked Mr. Cumrox, who deserves credit for being always ready to add to a somewhat deficient early education.

"They mean 'I love, thou lovest, he loves.'"

"It does seem too bad to see you startin in so soon," the old gentleman mused, "with the difficulties that have always surrounded that verb. But you might as well commence young to learn that them words in one way or another cause two-thirds of the botheration that occurs in this life."

"Please, can I quit school, then?"

"No. It wouldn't be any use. You couldn't dodge 'em, and you might as well go right along and get as familiar with them as possible. You'll find that learnin 'em ain't half the worry that handlin 'em is after you know 'em. Cheer up, Johnny, and remember that most of your trouble is still ahead of you."—Washington Star.

Urban Development In the South.

The rural south, especially in the older portions, is, economically speaking, far from progressive, and what was once the single occupation of the southern gentleman is now the last that he would voluntarily assume. In the rich valley and on the grazing lands of southwest Virginia, in parts of Georgia and in the blue grass region of Tennessee farming pays fairly, owing to the greater thrift of the inhabitants and to the fertility of the soil, but, on the whole, the progress of the new south, like that of the rest of the country, certainly has not taken this direction. It is through its urban development only that the section has justly earned its sobriquet.

New cities like Roanoke, Va., have sprung up on ground that 20 years ago was parceled into farms. Antebellum villages have become large cities, as in the case of Atlanta and Chattanooga. Old towns like Nashville and Richmond have taken a fresh lease of life and become rich and progressive. A new railroad has made the fortune of this place, a new textile or other industry has caused the growth of that. And all this progress has been due to the abolition of slavery and to the destruction of property caused by the civil war. The southerner of the last 30 years has simply had to work in order to live, and, like the rest of the world, he has preferred the town to the country.—W. P. Trent in Atlantic.

A Monster Musical Instrument.

The most gigantic harp ever constructed, as far as the record goes, was that made by Veritan, the provost of Burkli, near Basel, Switzerland, in 1787. That was a long while ago, but the fame of M. Veritan's gigantic harp was such that it is still occasionally mentioned by writers on the rare and the wonderful, just as the sea serpent, bloody rain, live mastadons, etc., are. M. Veritan's colossal musical instrument was 320 feet in length, and, on that account, was constructed in an open lot instead of in a harp factory. It was most simple in construction, consisting of 15 wires strung tightly between two poles. These wires were of different sizes, the largest being one-sixth of an inch in diameter and the smallest one-twelfth of an inch. They were stretched north and south and inclined in such a manner as to form an angle of from 20 to 30 degrees with the horizon. This queer instrument was not intended as an exaggerated toy, but was constructed for the express purpose of foretelling changes in the weather, which were calculated by Professor Veritan according to the different tones the instrument made when the wind was blowing through it.—St. Louis Republic.

A Royal Rider.

Queen Henriette of Belgium, by birth an Austrian archduchess, continues, in spite of her snow white hair and rank as a grandmother, to occupy her time with circus riding. A year ago she gave in the riding school of the royal palace at Brussels a semipublic performance, in which she and her daughter Clementine put their horses through all kinds of fancy paces and trick riding with the skill of professionals. They leaped their horses through burning hoops and over flaming hedges, and her majesty jumped a pet horse over a dinner table covered with flowers and lighted candelabra. Then she drove a team of 20-in-hand herself, mounted on her favorite mare.

The Shakers have made a discovery which is destined to accomplish much good. Realizing that three-fourths of all our sufferings arise from stomach troubles, that the country is literally filled with people who cannot eat and digest food, without subsequently suffering pain and distress and that many are starving, wasting to mere skeletons, because their food does them no good, they have devoted much study and thought to the subject and the result is this discovery of their Digestive Cordial.

A little book can be obtained from your druggist that will point out the way of relief at once. An investigation will cost nothing and will result in much good.

Children all hate to take Castor Oil, but not Lazol, which is palatable

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head and have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cts. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHARITY FAIRS.

An Argument to Show Why They Should Be Suppressed.

Charity has been defined as this state of things: That so soon as A is in trouble B begins to consider what C ought to do for him. All charitable fairs, for instance, are based on this principle. You go and buy something which you probably do not want in order that the profit made on it may go to some good cause. In case you had really wanted what you bought you would have perhaps bought it somewhere else, and the regular trade thus suffers from the loss of your custom. In case of very large fairs, like the "sanitary fairs" in wartime, the ordinary local trade unquestionably suffers, perhaps for a whole year, and the community is thus impoverished to a degree in one way so that it may be helped in other ways.

For a great national object this can easily be endured, although, to be sure, we never have known just what the regular dealers thought about it. But when we consider that the same thing is done to some extent in behalf of every local or sectarian enterprise, it is evident that the principle of the affair is not quite satisfactory.

Suppose, for instance, that we were all to agree for a single year to have all our shoes and hats made by amateurs "for sweet charity's sake," and to have a single church or hospital take the value of them all. Then sweet charity would make an apparent gain no doubt, but all the ordinary hatmakers and shoemakers would starve. Or, if they did not starve, they would be supported by their kindred, who perhaps are not far above the starvation point themselves, or they would be supported by sweet charity, and the last condition of things would be worse than the first. It is not really the fact that the evils of society can be greatly helped by dressing up young girls prettily and having them take money and give rather inaccurate change at a bazaar table. One day, perhaps, when the laws of trade are better understood, we shall look at charity fairs as we already look at lotteries, which were once regarded as one of the highest forms of sweet charity, but which are now prohibited by law.—Harper's Bazar.

THE UMBRELLA.

It Has Been Known and Used For Thousands of Years.

Possibly many of you suppose that the umbrella is a modern invention, but it is not. Both as an emblem of rank and as a protection from sun and rain it is of very ancient origin. Though the materials used in the manufacture have been constantly changing, the general construction of the frame has been changed but little in thousands of years.

Egyptian and Ninevite sculptures of the earliest dates have many representations of the umbrella, but it is invariably in connection with royalty. It was always held over the head of a monarch when he rode in his chariot and at his great open air feasts. In some of the Hindoo sculptures Vishnu is represented carrying an umbrella when going on a visit to the infernal regions.

We find frequent references to the umbrella in the Greek poets, for its use was quite fashionable among women of high rank in Greece. In the middle ages it was an emblem of rank in the church. Umbrellas were carried over cardinals and bishops in solemn processions, and all of the large cathedrals owned one or more umbrellas that were kept for use on such occasions.

The Chinese adopted the umbrella at a very early period in their history, and for many centuries were the only people that did not confine its use to the king and princes of the blood. However, they permitted only men of wealth and high position to carry them. The common people protected themselves from the elements by making their hats broad and umbrella shaped.

From the time that they established their empire the Japanese have made much use of the umbrella. It is also used throughout India, but it is a mark of rank in Burma and Siam. One of the titles of the king of Burma is Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas. He uses white silk umbrellas, and no other person is permitted to use a white one. The princes of the blood each have, as a mark of distinction, two gilt umbrellas, with handles 10 or 15 feet in length. The other officers of the state have but one.

From early drawings it seems probable that the umbrella was introduced into Europe in the fourteenth century, but it did not come into general use until about 1700.—Philadelphia Press.

The South Carolinian.

The South Carolinian has always arrogated to himself the name Carolinian, and he has never been on very familiar terms with his northern neighbor. His feeling for his southern neighbor, the Georgian, is also one of mere tolerance, for the latter has long been called the southern Yankee and fairly deserves the appellation. He has much of the shrewdness and push that mark the typical "down caster," and he has a considerable share of that worthy's moral earnestness. In addition he has a good deal of the Virginian's geniality and love of comfort, of the North Carolinian's unpretending democracy and of the South Carolinian's tendency to exhibitions of fiery temper.

But over and above everything else he has an honest and hearty and not unfounded pride in Georgia, and a sort of Masonic affiliation with every person, animal, institution, custom—in short, thing—that can be called Georgian. He may not always stand for culture, but he does always stand for patriotism, state and national. He loves success, strength, straightforwardness and the solid virtues generally—neither is he averse to the showy ones—but above all he loves virtue in action. Though possessed of a strong, clear intellect, he is more particularly a man of five senses, of which he makes as good use as he can. He may not always taste the sweetness or see the light of the highest civilization, but he has a good healthy appetite for life.—W. P. Trent in Atlantic.

General Grant's Two Tunes.

A drum corps in passing caught sight of the general and at once struck up a then popular negro camp meeting air. Every one began to laugh, and Rawlins cried, "Good for the drummers!" "What's the fun?" inquired the general. "Why," was the reply, "they are playing 'Ain't I glad to get out oh de wilderness!'" The general smiled at the ready wit of the musicians and said: "Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know only two tunes—one is 'Yankee Doodle,' and the other isn't."—General Horace Porter in Century.

The southern entrance of the Red sea is commanded by the fortress of Aden and the fort on the little island of Perim, in the strait of Babel-Mandeb, the guns of the latter completely covering the narrow channel and the fortress dominating the entrance to the sea.

Avoid An Early Grave.

How often do we hear, that the avenue to an early grave was opened by neglecting a slight cough and cold. Profit by this truth, and provide yourself with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which instantly cures all throat and lung affections. Mr. W. H. Mahoney, Lowell, Mass., writes: "I was taken sick with a bad cold. The doctors did not seem to help me, and everybody said I was getting consumption, when a relative recommended Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. I got a bottle and it helped me, and after taking two bottles I was cured, to the surprise of everybody. I shall always recommend it to my friends, as I know it to be a sure cure." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Don't accept a substitute.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT $100 per year

A sick person trying to keep up on mere stimulating tonics is like any one pretending to swim while supported by a belt. The instant the support is withdrawn down you go.

Nearly all diseases result from a deep-seated impairment of the nutritive powers which cannot be reached by any temporary exhilaration. The only good that any medicine can do is to increase your own natural powers of recovery and make you able to swim for yourself.

The debilitating weakness, nervousness and digestive disorder which indicates this state of mal-nutrition can only be overcome by a scientific remedy like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which acts directly upon the digestive and blood-making organs, and effects the nutritive transformation of food into rich, healthy blood, which carries genuine permanent vitality to every corner of the system.

It is vastly more nutritious than malt-extracts. It does not paralyze the nerves, but feeds them with health. It is better than cod liver oil emulsions. It is assimilated by the weakest stomachs. It does not make flabby useless fat, but muscular strength and healthy nerve-force. It is the only perfect invigorant for corpulent people.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said I had 'dropsy' and that my disease was leading into pulmonary consumption. I had quite a cough, and the home physicians gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

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